

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A MONTHLY UNITARIAN JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

No. 10.—VOL. XX.]

OCTOBER, 1876.

[NEW SERIES.—PRICE 1½d.

Notes of the Month.

HOME AND ABROAD.

GOOD FOR THE HEAD.—A certain mayor, Mr. Eastman, has made the newsboys and bootblacks of his town a present of hats; and has had pasted on the crown inside, neatly printed in gilt on a black circular piece of paper, the following:—"Don't drink, don't swear, don't chew, don't smoke. Be industrious, work hard, study hard, play hard, and you will never be 'hatless.' With the best wishes for your future welfare."

OUR conflict with Dahomey has set some of the religious papers in the line of intimating our demands after we beat them. "We must also stipulate that the horrible practice of human sacrifices shall be abolished. The fiendish barbarities which have been and still are perpetrated here in the name of religion are a reproach to the civilisation of the nineteenth century. There are many other hideous customs, such, for instance, as that of garnishing the palace walls with human bones and skulls, a number of the unfortunate prisoners being annually slaughtered to furnish the materials for this unique 'architectural adornment.' As there is now a glorious opportunity of suppressing all these abominations, it is to be hoped that the good work may be speedily accomplished. In India our Government insisted on the abolition of the horrid custom of suicide at the 'Ruth Jattrā' of Juggernaut, and prohibited the burning to death of a widow on the funeral pile of her dead husband. Many other equally revolting practices have been restrained by the courts of justice, and we may therefore reasonably hope that what has proved so salutary in the one case will be equally so in the other. At all events our Government should try and secure for themselves imperishable fame by the introduction of the softening influences of Christianity and civilisation among the wild races of Africa."

HYMN THEOLOGY.—It is said we ought to have no theology we cannot pray or sing. We came across the other day one of the illustrations of some modern theology in hymns. It looked very odd:—

"O Love divine! what hast thou done!

Th' immortal God hath died for me!

The Father's co-eternal Son

Bore all my sins upon the tree:

Th' immortal God for me hath died!

My Lord, my love, is crucified.

"O see, and to the Cross draw nigh,
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace!

Come, see, ye worms, *your Maker die,*

And say—was ever grief like his?"

ROMAN CATHOLICISM.—In the United States it is said that some alarm is being felt at the growth of Catholicism. In 1790 there was one Roman Catholic to every 131 of population. In 1808 there was one Roman Catholic every sixty-five of population. In 1830 there was one Roman Catholic every twenty-nine of population. In 1840 there was one Roman Catholic every eighteen of population. In 1850 there was one Roman Catholic every eleven of population. In 1860 there was one Roman Catholic every seven of population. In 1870 there was one Roman Catholic every seven and seven-tenths of population. The denomination that keeps step with the Catholics is the Methodists. We certainly a thousand times more wish the prosperity of the former than the latter.

RUSKIN.—It is said that Mr. Ruskin sometime ago did a very graceful thing. A little way from Croydon, near London, there has long been a dirty, marshy little pond, which is now an exquisite clear spring of running water. Mr. Ruskin expended £500 in making this spring, which is not far from the home of his childhood, and surrounding it with trees and flowers, and named it after his mother, Margaret's Well. On the neat tablet over it are inscribed the following words: "In obedience to the Giver of Life, of brooks and fruits that feed it, of the peace that ends it, may this well be kept sacred for the service of men, flocks and flowers, and by kindness be called Margaret's Well."

THE *Christian Register* says: "Pope Pius is *infallible*, but he makes blunders, nevertheless, in his historic utterances. In a recent speech to the French pilgrims led by the Archbishop of Toulouse, he reminds them of an alliance between the Albigenses and the followers of William de St. Amour, which was energetically opposed by St. Dominic. Now it happens that William de St. Amour did not begin to preach until thirty years after Dominic's death, and ten years after the Albigenses were subdued and dispersed. The Holy Ghost must not be held too close to history."

HONOUR ALL MEN.—In one of Fawcett's eloquent sermons, "OF Honour Due to all Men," he severely censures the conduct of learned and professional men speaking lightly of those who have not had their opportunities of study, and, therefore, ignorant of their lore. One of this class, recently a college professor, was being rowed across a stream in a boat. Said he to the boatman: "Do you understand philosophy?" No; never heard of it. "Then one quarter of your life is gone. Do you understand geology?" "No." "Then one-half of your life is gone. Do you understand astronomy?" "No." "Then three-quarters of your life is gone." But presently the boat tipped over and spilled both into the river. Says the boatman: "Can you swim?" "No." "Then the whole of your life is gone."

THE CALF AND THE CHRISTIAN.—The following paragraph occurs in a letter from the Constantinople correspondent of the *Daily News*:—"At Marsovan within the last few days a Christian had his cow stolen from him by his Turkish neighbour. The Christian learnt that the animal was concealed in the thief's house, and made his request to the Turkish judge to have the house searched and the animal restored. He was asked to tender his witnesses, and produced two. They were rejected simply and avowedly because they were Christian, the judge telling the owner that he would have the house searched if he could produce two Mussulmans. The injured man tried to induce two of his Turkish neighbours to testify to what they knew to be the truth, but failed. He reported his ill-success to the judge, but stated that he had the calf, and that the young one would be able to recognise its mother. The judge accepted the test. The cow and the calf were brought together; the recognition was mutual, and the cow was restored to its rightful owner. Whereupon, remarks the paper, it is obvious that the evidence of a calf is in Turkey worth more than that of two Christians."

SCARLET FEVER.—We have read in an American paper that an eminent physician of Chicago says he cures ninety-nine out of every one hundred cases of scarlet fever by giving the patient warm lemonade with gum arabic dissolved in it. A cloth wrung out in hot water and laid upon the stomach should be removed as rapidly as it becomes cool. We give the above for what it is worth. May it not be tried?

A MEMORIAL.—Just at the present time, when we are all justly wrathful with the Turk, we may do well to remember that Mahommedanism is not all bad. There are many beautiful things in the literature of Turkey. In one of their books it is written, "I have lost my little one," said one of Mohammed's subjects to him; "what shall I do to perpetuate her memory?" "Dig a well, and give drink to the thirsty," replied the prophet. We do not know how that advice struck the bereaved one, or whether he followed Mohammed's direction, but it seems a beautiful suggestion, and one which Christians might follow in spirit with great profit to themselves and great comfort to the needy and suffering.

LONG SERMONS.—In a recent number of Mr. Spurgeon's *Monthly*, under the head of "Personal Recollections," there is the following:—"We had heard of Dr. Brock a story of his youth, and at dinner-time inquired of its truthfulness, and he replied 'Oh, yes, that's right enough.' It seems that John Angell James, of Birmingham, remarked in company that the longest sermon he had ever preached was in a town in Devonshire, where he held forth for more than two hours, but he added, 'I never could make out how it was, for I had no intention of being so long; it seemed as if the time would not go, and yet, when I came to look at my watch, it had gone, and I had actually preached two hours.' Genial Dr. Brock remarked that he could explain the riddle, for, being a lad at that time mentioned, and wishing to hear as much as possible of the good divine, he had taken a key with him, and sitting at the back of the clock, had managed to stop it every now and then, and so decrease the speed of time and lengthen the sermon. 'Ah, William Brock,' said Mr. James, 'you were full of fun then, and I fear it is not all gone out of you now. I dare say you would do the same again if you had the opportunity.' The company were not a little amused when William Brock replied that he would do nothing of the kind; that the production of a long sermon was the act of his youth and inexperience, and that now with the key in his hand he would be far more likely to put on the hand and cut the sermon short than in any way prolong it."

THE NEW CARPET.

MR. AND MRS. HOBBS had been married two years, and during that time had been very happy. They loved each other dearly, and never had the least misunderstanding. Indeed, it was their boast that they had never quarrelled, and they were honestly anxious never to do so.

Mr. Hobbs was a merchant. He had begun business for himself a few years previous to his marriage, and was doing very well. Still he was forced to live plainly, and use economy in all things.

His wife was a pretty, loving little body, and devoted to her husband. She was always ready to enter into any of his plans, and to assist him by every means in her power. Mrs. Hobbs's mother, who was at heart a good woman, and who really loved her daughter, was continually making trouble for the young couple, which they avoided only for a determination not to quarrel. Mrs. Dawson had always ruled in her own family, and being a firm believer in the old adage, "My daughter's my daughter all the days of her life," thought she had a right to overlook and exercise her power in the household of that daughter. Thus far she had produced no harm, but there was constant danger of doing so, for Mrs. Hobbs had grown up to regard her mother's judgment with great consideration.

Mr. Hobbs dreaded the result of his mother-in-law's course, but not wishing to create a disturbance, thought it best to remain silent until he should be called upon to speak to his wife about the matter.

Mrs. Dawson did not mean to do harm; but she had rather unfortunate ideas on the subject of a husband's authority, and believed that in matters strictly domestic he had none at all. Had she believed her conduct was an interference in affairs with which she had no right to meddle, she would have abandoned it at once. But was not her daughter her own child? And did not all that concerned her child concern her? Thus she reasoned, and thought herself perfectly justified in all she did.

One day when Mr. Hobbs returned home from his business, he found Mrs. Dawson there on a visit to her daughter. During the evening Mrs. Hobbs, turning to her husband, said:

"George, don't you think we need a parlour carpet?"

"Doesn't this one suit you?" he asked in surprise.

"No, I don't think it does," she replied, hesitatingly. "It is quite worn and shabby, and I am ashamed for visitors to see it."

"It seems to me a very nice one," said her husband. "I think it quite a pretty carpet, and I think it will answer very well. Besides, Lucy, I cannot afford to buy a new one just now."

"Mother saw one at Smith's this morning," said Mrs. Hobbs, "which she thinks would suit me very well. It is cheap, too."

"I would like to oblige you, but cannot afford to spend money for a carpet when we do not need it."

"You might afford it if you would, George," said Mrs. Dawson. "Lucy is not extravagant, and she knows her household wants better than you do. I think her request reasonable, and I think you ought to gratify it."

"I have every disposition to gratify my wife," said Mr. Hobbs, "but I cannot do so in this instance. I know that we do not need a new carpet, and I know that I cannot spend so much money for one. So here the matter must rest at present, and I hope Lucy will see the justice of my position."

"There is very little justice about it," said Mrs. Dawson, sharply. "Your wife is best judge of her wants, and, with your income it is your duty to grant every reasonable request from her."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Hobbs, "but we will not argue that subject now. I have decided not to buy the carpet. There the matter must end."

Mrs. Dawson flushed angrily, but said nothing. She went home quite early, and thoroughly out of humour. It was the first time she had met with any determined opposition, and she was indignant at it. She resolved that she would carry her point at all hazards.

"George," said Mrs. Hobbs, as she

sat in the parlour in silence after her mother's departure, "you ought to have been more gentle with mother. She does not mean any harm."

"I am always anxious to treat your mother with the highest respect," said her husband, "but I cannot allow her to interfere with my domestic affairs. She will only make mischief."

The next day Mrs. Dawson began attempts to carry her point. She was determined that her daughter should have a new carpet now, at all hazards, if it was only to be revenged upon Mr. Hobbs. She urged upon her daughter the necessity of having a new carpet, and above all, managing her affairs in her own way.

"It is your business to look after your house," she said, "and your husband has no right to interfere. George is fully able to gratify you in this matter, and I must say it, dear, he is acting very badly in refusing to do so."

Mrs. Hobbs was in a most unenviable position. She was a devout believer in her mother's infallibility in household matters, but also a good wife. Nevertheless, she was not a woman of independence, and was easily influenced. Mrs. Dawson, on the other hand, was a woman of strong will and determination, and she pressed her attack vigorously, so that she soon succeeded in convincing Mrs. Hobbs that her husband was denying her the carpet she wanted merely to exert his power over her. This was a point gained, and from this Mrs. Dawson succeeded in persuading her daughter to get the carpet on her own responsibility, and say nothing of it to her husband until it would be put down on the floor.

"George would never refuse to pay the bill," she said, "and it will do no harm to teach him a lesson."

At first Mrs. Hobbs revolted at the idea of deceiving her husband in such a manner, but her mother succeeded in persuading her that there was no harm in it.

The carpet was bought, charged to Mr. Hobbs, and sent home. Mrs. Dawson came daily, and assisted her daughter in making it up, and in a

few days it was ready to be put down. This was fully six weeks from the time when the subject was first mentioned.

Mr. Hobbs heard nothing more of the carpet after the night on which he declined to buy it. His wife's silence on the subject he construed into a cheerful acquiescence on her part in his decision, and he loved her all the better for her conduct. At last, having succeeded in some speculations in which he was engaged, and having realised a large sum from them, he determined to reward his wife, for what he supposed was her goodness, by giving her a new and handsome carpet for her parlour. And it so happened that on the day on which Mr. Hobbs went to the warehouse, from which they had bought it, to select one, having resolved to surprise his wife with it, his astonishment was very great, when, upon asking to see some carpets, he was told that Mrs. Hobbs had purchased one a few days before. He asked for the bill, and paid it in silence. He was shocked and pained deeply to find that his wife, whom he had trusted so entirely, should deceive him so grossly. He thought the matter over and saw at last the cause of his wife's conduct, and quietly determined on his own course.

When he went home that evening, he found his wife and Mrs. Dawson in the dining-room awaiting him. Mrs. Hobbs was pale and nervous. The new carpet was down, and she knew that her husband must know all about it that evening. She dreaded the disclosure, for she felt that she had done wrong. Mrs. Dawson, however, was smiling and triumphant.

After tea, Mr. Hobbs, instead of going into the parlour, as was his custom, took a seat by the dining-room fire, and called his wife to him.

"Lucy," said he, without looking at her, "do you remember asking me, about six weeks ago, to give you a new carpet?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Hobbs, faintly.

"I refused to do so, then," continued her husband, "because I could not afford it. I was very hard pressed for money, and could not spare so large a sum. Recently, however, I have been

fortunate in some speculations, and I determined yesterday to reward you for your goodness in so quietly and cheerfully giving up your fancy, by buying a new carpet."

"O, George, don't," cried his wife, bursting into tears. "Don't talk to me so, I don't deserve it. I—" but she broke down.

"I know all about it, dear," said her husband, kindly. "I paid the bill this morning. But tell me," he added, "did you do this of your own accord, or in compliance with your mother's urging?"

"I yielded to her, but I felt all the while that I was doing wrong," sobbed Mrs. Hobbs.

"I knew it," said her husband, "but it will not happen again. Mrs. Dawson," he continued, addressing that lady, who sat looking on with a decidedly crest-fallen air, "you have accomplished your object. You have made my wife deceive me and wounded me deeply. You have no right to do so; and until you learn that in my house my authority—which will never seek to deprive my wife of anything I can give her—is supreme, I think it best for all parties that you remain away from us. When you visit us in a proper spirit, we shall always be glad to see you; but if you come only to produce such harm as this, you had better not come at all."

Mrs. Dawson left the house without speaking. She was completely humbled. She soon returned to her visits, however, but never again sought to exercise her power outside her own household, and even there it was tempered with more wisdom than formerly.

Mr. Hobbs never had cause to reproach his wife again. She had learned a lesson which she never forgot, and, while every sight of the new carpet brought to her a pang of self-reproach, it also strengthened her resolve to trust her husband in all things, believing that he desired nothing but her happiness.

RHYME, being a kind of music, shares this advantage with music, that it has a privilege of speaking truth, which all Philistia is unable to challenge. Music is the poor man's Parnassus.

OLD PARISHIONER AND NEW PARSON.

"WHY, John, I haven't seen your face
In Church for weeks, I know."

"No, Sir, it's such a queerish place,
When it's restored I'll go."

"When it's restored! Why, John, you've
seen

The chancel that's just built;
With painted window, carved oak screen,
And rededos all of gilt!"

"With decorations it abounds,
There's a new altar, too;
The organ cost *five hundred pounds*,
It's all restored, quite new."

"Yes, like old Ned, the other day,
What had a stroke I mean,
He's quite restored to health they say,
But, lor, his mind's gone clean."

"Dark windows may be beautiful
For them as likes the look;
But I with old eyes getting dull
Want light to read my book."

"When I was young, you'd think it odd,
The roses climbed in there,
They always made me think of God,
And all His tender care."

"But now if I look up I greet
Them figures done in paint;
I'd go a long way not to meet
Saints, if such folks be saints."

"Ah, John, they didn't teach high art
When you were put to school;
But how do you like the singing part?
Come, that's a better rule."

"Why, Sir, they are thinking far too
much
How tunes go now-a-days;
Give me the Old Hundredth Psalm and
such,
That's more what I call praise."

"We used to sing it, such a crowd,
Maybe the notes weren't true,
Maybe we sang a bit too loud,
Because our hearts sang too."

"But now my grandson, pert young lad,
He says he's got much higher;
Says he, you're not to sing granddad,
You'll interrupt the choir."

"You thinks a deal about that thing,
The choir, I says to him,
But I can't see why you can't sing
Without your bed-gown, Jem."

"New chancel's mighty fine, but ne'er
Can we make out who knows
What's gone with the Commandments
there."

What have you done with those?

"You're all for pretty tiles and bricks,
For carving, gilt, and scroll,
What good could them tall candlesticks
Do to a poor dark soul ?

"Sir, there's many things restored
No use to such as me ;
We want to hear about the Lord,
You only talk of She ?

"We used to pray the prayers, and then
The parson prayed from heart,
Now you all seem to think amen
The most important part.

"But, Sir, I scarce like telling you
How it sounds when you intones."

"Well, John, what is it like ? speak true."
"Machine what grinds the bones !

"We had a minister once, Sir,
'Twas long before you came,
A man that was a minister,
Not only in the name.

"Your decorations, cones and stoles,
He did not need such aid,
He cared too much for our poor souls
To think how his gown was made.

"I've seen him pleading with us thus,
With tears in eye he stood,
Somehow those tears preached more to us
Than twenty sermons could.

"The rich and poor came far and near,
The Church would overflow.
It's getting full again I hear,
Folks come to see the show.

"Now it's most like the play I see
In London town one day,
All very well for play maybe,
But not for prayer, I say.

"Do you think, Sir, such a queerish whim
Can please the Lord, forsooth.
He said we were to worship Him
In spirit and in truth.

"So that's why I don't come, you know,
I will when it's restored ;
But now, Sir, I don't dare to go,
Because I fears the Lord."

say you may have read in the newspapers sometimes. I think I will leave that subject for the present, and talk a little, instead, about women's duties, which are less spoken of, but to my mind, want still more thinking about.

Did you ever know a man utterly brought to ruin by a bad wife, a wife who drank, a wife who was utterly careless and extravagant in her management, or a wife who made her husband's home a misery to him by her ill-temper ? Did you ever think of the incalculable wrong one such woman keeps going ? There is much wrong-doing which the law cannot reach ; which, in respect to its evil effects, does far more injury to society than those crimes which the law can punish.

I want you, now, while you are young, to think of the immense power for good or evil there lies in one woman's life, whether she marries or not, though generally a married woman's neglect of her duty causes more evil than an unmarried woman's, since there are more duties peculiarly her own, which she must do, and no one else can do.

What a great deal a woman may do by simply being industrious and orderly in her own home. Just think what a difference it must make to a man going off to his work if he has his breakfast comfortably ready for him, and his wife tidily dressed, sitting down to have it with him. Then, if he comes home to dinner, and finds it ready for him, the room clean and orderly, and a smile on his wife's face when he comes in, don't you think he will go off to his work again feeling twice as strong as the man who comes in to a dirty room, an ill-prepared meal, and an ill-tempered wife ? Don't think that I don't know the difficulties there are in keeping your homes clean and tidy. Don't think that I imagine it to be a very easy thing for a woman to keep good-tempered when she has a good deal to worry her. When she finds it difficult perhaps to make the two ends meet ; when her children are fretful, even if she is patient with them. Don't think that I don't know how hard it seems at times to go on spending all you

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A CHAT WITH THE ELDER GIRLS.

I AM fancying that I have you around me, a large circle of you girls ; I mean you who are nearly young women, and are beginning to think of doing women's work in the world. At least you should be thinking of doing women's work, if you would deserve the name of true women.

However, I am going to call you girls now. My dear girls, then. Just at the present time people talk a great deal about women's rights, as I dare

have to spend very carefully, feeling how much easier it would be if you had only half as much again, wondering perhaps why you have not got it to spend, when some of your friends have. It is not because I think it easy, but because I think it is a hard work, because I know that it is a noble task for any woman to keep her home orderly, pure, and happy.

And what are the causes that so often prevent us women from doing this work of ours? I am afraid they are often very small causes, things that we ought to be ashamed to let interfere with our duty. I can tell you, those women who are so anxious to obtain the right to take their places publicly with men in carrying out the important affairs of the world, don't let such little causes interfere with them. They would not stand dawdling and chatting when they felt they had anything in their plans to forward; so shall we, who have our own great work to do, stand idly talking at our doors, or lolling at the window? No, we won't do that. We will not rest till the day's household work is done, and then be sure there is some mending or making that should not be left undone any longer. Talking of mending and making brings me to the subject of dress, a subject that takes up some time with every woman, and must occupy a good deal of that of the mother of a family. Perhaps you think I am going to preach to you about the foolishness of caring for the look of your clothes, and thinking whether they are pretty or not, so long as they are clean and neat. Not a bit of it. I don't want to see a group of girls around me in coal-scuttle bonnets and black cloaks. I want to see a group of girls looking as if they wanted to keep the world as fresh and bright as they could, even in a smoky town. But you shouldn't think too much of the look of things, and especially you need not care for the richness of your clothes. I think it is every woman's duty, if she has to economise at all, to spend as little as she can over dress, and yet, with a little taste and care, it is as easy to dress prettily as not. Why are we

often anxious for something new, even though the old things still look well? Why do we get colours that won't wear well, when others that would wear would look very pretty too? Though I don't think those people are in the right who are always comparing us with our great grandfathers and grandmothers, to our disadvantage, saying how much better they were a century ago than we are now, I think we might take a lesson from the Vicar of Wakefield's wife, who chose her wedding dress for qualities that would wear well. We are too much afraid of wearing a dress too long for fear it should get old-fashioned. I could say a good deal more on this subject, but I have other things I want to talk of too. How few women, whose lives are occupied with their domestic duties, make a habit of a little daily reading. I know that many people will tell me that a woman with a household to take care of will not have any time for books, and that if she does that well she is not called upon to do anything more. I would be the last to dream of a reproach to those of my fellow sisters who go on perseveringly with their every-day duties, and never open a book from one week to another. I know only too well that many of them bear their life-burdens far better than I should do in their place. But I cannot help feeling what a great deal of good might be done, if the wives and mothers of our busy working classes would try to refresh their minds occasionally by a little wholesome reading, stories of the lives of those who have struggled for the good of their fellow-men in times gone by, or pictures of life of the present time, as it does one good to think of it.

I feel as if I could talk much longer with you, my dear girls, but I think I have preached enough for the present. These are only little jottings of what passes through my mind sometimes about woman's duties; perhaps they may encourage one or two of you to go on perseveringly with your daily work resolving to keep firmly to whatever is your duty in the life you are only yet beginning.

G.

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

SINCE the visit of the revivalists, in some quarters there has been more talk than ever about being saved by the "Blood of Christ." It is very curious that this phrase, so very figurative, should have become so very popular. There are other figurative passages, such as "The Bread of Life," "The Water of Life," &c., equally as important in their moral meaning as the blood of Christ, and scriptural, too, we seldom hear them. To our readers, and more particularly to those of our orthodox readers who send us effusions at times on this figurative phrase, we cannot do better than recommend to them the sentiments of Dean Stanley, founded on the text 1 John i. 7,—*"The Blood of Jesus Christ."* The whole tenour of the discourse was to show that the words the "body" and the "blood" of Christ in the sacramental service were not and could not be meant to be taken in their literal sense. Both words were used to express the same general truth, namely, the inward essence of the Redeemer's character and spirit whilst here on earth, the very foundation of which was charity, or love in its universal sense, without which men were to all intents and purposes dead in the sight of God. But there was, perhaps, a more specific meaning or significance sometimes in the use of the word the "blood" than in that of the "body" of Christ.

There was in the Middle Ages a belief that some drops of Christ's blood had been brought to England, and they were carried with great pomp from St. Paul's to Westminster Abbey in the time of King Henry III.; and there was a church in Normandy which to this day professed to have phials there containing drops of the Saviour's blood; there was another church in the north of Germany, which boasted the possession of a similar treasure; and there was also the old belief on that subject that the Knights of King Arthur's table went through the world seeking the real blood of Christ, which had been preserved by Joseph of Arimathea. But in our day everybody knew these were but fables and superstitions; and even in the Roman Catholic Church,

where these outward things were more regarded, the worship at the shrine where these relics were supposed to be was dying out.

Nor even on the actual cross itself on which Christ was crucified was the literal blood which was shed the most conspicuous among the signs of his death. Not so. The few drops that trickled from the hands of the Crucified One, or flowed from his veins, would not strike the beholder so much as the deadly pallor and inward anguish. Neither could it be supposed, except by very ignorant persons, that the wine of the Eucharist, under any circumstances or by any theory, was the physical blood of Jesus Christ. It was obvious on the face of it that it must be a figure of speech. The physical blood of Christ was the emblem of that which was so often expressed in the ancient Jewish law, that the blood was the life of a living creature, and the blood of Christ meant the inward essence of his character, or the most inward essence of the Christian society which represented him,—the life-blood of Christendom. What, then, was the most essential part of Jesus Christ and of Christianity?

The answer could not be doubted for a moment. It was given by Ignatius of Antioch. The blood of Christ, he said, "is love or charity." These were the essence of the highest life of God, and the highest life of man, and the essence of life and death of Jesus Christ. It was this love, stronger than death, this love manifesting itself in death, this love willing to sacrifice itself for the sake of others, which was the blood of the cross by which the multitudes of the sins of men were blotted out, and washed and cleaned away. Love, generosity, magnanimity, kindness, toleration, forgiveness, and a host of kindred virtues, were the things of which that blood was the emblem, and of which the divine life and death were the supreme fulfilment. This was, indeed, the true blood, more precious than any ever brought by pilgrim or crusader in golden vessels from costly shrines,—the love or charity of God to man, the love or charity of men to one another. The Dean concluded by exhorting his hearers to a practical imitation of Christ.

LAYMEN.

THIS word is derived from the Greek *laikos* or *laos* (the people).

It occurs one hundred and forty-seven times in the New Testament, and in all places is translated people, (either with or without the article). It was originally an equivalent for our term Democrat, in contradistinction to a pretentious, usurping aristocracy, or caste. Of course it did not embrace all that we now understand and convey by that term.

If we look into heathen antiquity, we shall see there an almost infinitesimal number of men (compared with the masses), earnest and persistent in their efforts to maintain a separate and independent social condition—regarding themselves as the rightful lords of the people. *Laos* would properly indicate the masses of the people in distinction to this caste. The ancient heathens had their religion and priesthood as we have ours. The priests were not laymen. No! they were a “caste,” being entirely separate from the people, and having no interest in them, only so far as gain was a factor, nor had the people any in them.

When Jesus Christ came he gave a blow to the vain pretensions of these men and their successors, whose withering influence is felt to-day where his views, uncorrupted, have penetrated and permeated the nations. See, for instance, how they shook to its very centre the Roman empire (where this disposition so thoroughly prevailed), and turned it topsy turvy, and how sickly the thing has become in England, although it has been nursed and drugged by the ablest of the doctors. In every age succeeding that of the apostolic there have been those among the clergy who would perpetuate this old heathen idea, that the clergy is a caste, or separate from the people. It crops out somewhat in some of the early Christian preachers called fathers, who really, if judged of by the teaching of Jesus Christ, ought rather to be called Christian children. The Roman priesthood, after its elevation to the throne of worldly power, perfected the work begun by the fathers, and has maintained it to this day. The English Reformed Church received from her

Roman mother this judgment of ancient heathenism, which she still clings to with a tenacity unworthy of herself; and among our own clergy we have those who would zealously contend for the continuation of the life of this darling child of the flesh which Jesus Christ sought to destroy.

FRAGMENT OF A DIALOGUE.

TRINITARIAN.—I do not attempt any explication of the doctrine, or affect to understand it.

UNITARIAN.—I did not expect one, or suppose the other; but, it is very unreasonable to require *consistency* in an opponent?

T.—I am aware of no inconsistency in referring to God what He has not given me a capacity to comprehend. He, no doubt,—

U.—*He!* Who?

T.—God, certainly.

U.—You do, it seems, admit that there is one only God; but represent that God to consist of *three* persons! How, therefore, can you permit yourself to speak of the Deity as *He* or *Him*? Does not consistency require the use of *They* or *Them*, when discoursing of such a threefold Deity? You, Trinitarians, would have us believe that “Let us make man” was an address by one person of the Mystery to the others. Upon your own principles, therefore, and upon such an authority, ought you not to use the plural pronoun; and ought it not, upon your hypothesis, to have been used in a famous passage, thus—“God is *three* spirits, and they that worship *Them* must worship *Them* in spirit and in truth”?

T.—It is not so in the Bible. Would you presume to vary the language?

U.—Heaven forbid! But, why is it not so?

T.—I receive the word of God as it is expressed, with a prostrate mind and understanding, neither suggesting nor answering questions of that nature.

U.—It is not every question that expects an answer; but, you will not deny that the use of the plural pronouns would be *consistent* with the fact you assume of a plurality of persons.

T.—But how would such a reading sound?

U.—Ay, how indeed! BREVIS.

ROMANCE OF AN OLD PURITAN.

FIRST LOVE AND SECOND MARRIAGE.

WILLIAM BRADFORD, whose name stands second on the list of signatures to the celebrated compact made in the little cabin of the Mayflower, and who became the second Governor of Plymouth colony, was born at Ansterfield, Yorkshire, England, in the month of March, 1588. His parents dying in his youth, he was left to the care of his grandparents, and after them to his uncles. His family was respectable, but was among the yeomanry of England, and he was bred to agriculture.

At an early period he took upon himself the care of his large estates, and to improve and beautify them was his occupation and pleasure. But while each day found him busy with the men in the fields, night found him busy with his books. He became a proficient in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages, and French and German he both read and spoke with ease. While still a mere youth he identified himself with the Puritans, and at seventeen years of age was one of a company who attempted to escape to Holland, in quest of liberty to worship as their consciences counselled. But they were betrayed, and cast into prison at Boston, Lincolnshire.

While religion and numerous other grave and earnest objects had their place in his mind, there was one corner where a more beautiful, less grave, but as earnest a passion held sway. Love had entered the heart of the young Puritan; and often, while his head was bowed over his book, the graceful figure of her he loved would charm his eyes, making his heart throb with delight. When as a child he had played with little Alice Carpenter, he knew that she was lovelier and sweeter to him than any other golden-haired, rosy-lipped little fairy. She was just two years younger than himself.

As years passed, and her form became taller and fuller, the golden curls deepening in shade to a sunny brown, she grew more beautiful to him. Many were the walks they had together. His lands joined her father's, and of a

summer evening, leaning over the hedge that divided them, long and sweet were the conversations they enjoyed.

One eve in autumn, Alice announced to him that in two days more she was to go to London with an aunt, to stay some months. The news came like a death-blow upon William. The Carpenter family had been highly distinguished in former times, and one of its members had received from the king the honour of knighthood, but they were now indigent, and William determined to risk his fate, and ask Alice of her stern and proud father. He hoped that his own broad lands and fair name might influence the father to accept him as a match for this lovely but portionless girl.

But he did not know the pride of the stern old man. He was dismissed with haughty and severe reproofs for his presumption. His religious belief would have raised a barrier had there been no other, and sad was the interview of the young lovers that evening at the trysting-place where they had spent so many hours. It was to be their last meeting. William was too proud and high-minded, and Alice too dutiful, to act in opposition to a parent's wishes.

Alice went to London, and in course of time was married to Constant Southworth, a wealthy and honourable man. William devoted himself to his farm and books.

By-and-by he felt that a wife was needful to him, and his eye fell on Dorothy May, a sensible, discreet woman of his own rank in life. He did not love her as he had loved Alice, but he felt an honest and true affection for her, and she proved an estimable, faithful wife.

The number of those professing the Puritan faith increased, and trial and persecution were their lot. William was one of the earliest advocates for their removal to America, where they might enjoy their religion undisturbed. He was with the little band in their hasty flight, in their sojourn in London, and upon the stormy and perilous ocean in the cabin of the Mayflower.

While in Cape Cod harbour, and during his absence with a party sent

to explore the coast, his faithful wife Dorothy fell from the ship and was drowned. He sincerely mourned for her, for she had been an affectionate wife, but, with the submission of a Christian, he calmly turned to the duties of life. Life for him was a warfare with hunger and cold, disease and savage enemies. What the colonists suffered is well known.

Mr. Bradford was now a mature man of thirty-two, and when Governor Carver died, a few months after their arrival, he was elected his successor, and for a period of more than thirty-one years he directed the affairs of the colony; but as with fatherly care he watched over the little colony, he often felt the want of woman's ready sympathy and soothing tenderness.

He thought of Alice. The love he had felt for her had never died out in his heart. While the husband of another, it had slumbered, but now Alice and himself were both free, for her husband had died a year since. Did she remember the lover of her youth? And if she yet cherished that memory, would she consent to leave a happy home and troops of loving friends to share the fortunes of one in a wilderness?

At last he decided to write to her, and propose that she should share his fortunes. Early in the spring of 1623 the letter was sent. He set before her faithfully all the trials and privations to which she would be exposed; he left it to her to decide whether she could regard his love as an equivalent for the sacrifices she would be called upon to make. And he requested her, if she should consent, since the affairs of the colony would not suffer his absence, to take passage in the first ship bound for the colonies. The time passed slowly to the Governor, until, on the 14th of September, a sail was discerned, as yet a faint speck on the horizon. It was in this ship he expected Alice. If she were not there, there would arrive a written rejection of his proposal.

The whole population of the town crowded to the landing. Governor Bradford stood firm and erect, conspicuous among the little crowd. When

the vessel touched the shore, all hurried on board. The Governor passed from one to another with warm welcoming, but his eye watched for Alice. He sees her not. His hope has gone out. "It is God's will," says the devout Puritan.

Just then a woman ascended the stairs from the cabin. She is taller than the Alice of his remembrance. Strange, for he knew years must have changed her, yet she had always risen before his mind as the slender girl with whom he had parted. And here she stands, the beautiful, stately, dignified woman. Probably she, too, had her surprise.

For a moment the pair looked at each other, and then "William!" "Alice!" burst from their lips, and the hearts so long sundered were united. That very evening the marriage took place. There was joy of heart, but no extravagant display. Long and happy was the union here consummated.

Thirty-four additional years was the good Governor spared to the colony, whose prosperity he did so much to promote. His wife survived him fifteen years. She was well educated and dignified in deportment, and did much for the improvement of the rising generation. Pilgrim Hall stands upon land formerly in her possession. It is recorded of her that she was a good matron and much loved while she lived, and heartily lamented when she died.

A VERY REMARKABLE MAN.

ONE of our ministers sends us an account of a Rev. Mr. Walker, who outlived the pastor, "surpassing rich on forty pounds a year." In many things Mr. Walker had few equals.

"He was born in 1709, and was the youngest of twelve, and a weakly child, on which account his father gave him more schooling than the others. At seventeen he went to a schoolmaster at Gosforth, and remained there two or three years. He then removed to Buttamere, where he acted both as minister and schoolmaster. Before and after school hours he laboured at manual

occupation ; he wrote his own sermons and did duty twice on Sundays. In summer he rose between three and four and went to the fields in haytime with his scythe, in harvest time with his sickle. He ploughed, he planted, he tended sheep on the fells ; at other times he worked for wages. When engaged in these employments he would be at work before the regular labourers and remain after they had finished their day's work. In winter he occupied himself in reading, writing his sermons, spinning, and making his own clothes and those of his own family (he was an excellent spinner), knitting and mending his own stockings, and making his own shoes, the leather of which was his own tanning. He was the physician and lawyer of his village. He drew up wills, conveyances, bonds, &c., and frequently went to market with sheep or wool for the farmers.

"He next went to Torver, on the banks of Coniston Lake, and took priest's orders. He married a respectable maid servant, who brought him a fortune of forty pounds, which he invested in the funds. He then obtained the curacy of Scathwaite, where he lived and officiated for sixty-seven years. At the time of his appointment Scathwaite Church was without pews ; he used it as a school room, seated in his favourite place, near the communion table, wearing a cloak of his own making. When the family was in want of cloth he would take his spinning wheel with him to the school, where he also kept a cradle of his own making. Not unfrequently the wheel, the cradle, and the scholars claimed his attention at the same time. He had a knowledge of fossils and of plants, and a habit of observing the stars and the winds. In summer he used to collect flies and insects, and by his entertaining descriptions of them amuse and instruct his children. After a long and useful life, he died on the 25th of June, 1802, in the 93rd year of his age.

"In the course of his long life he had, besides bringing up and settling in life a family of twelve children, amassed the sum of two thousand pounds, the result of marvellous industry and self-denial. His stipend as a minister was twenty-eight pounds a year."

SIR H. TRELAWNEY.

"Carried about with every wind of doctrine."

MEMBERS of the ancient Cornish family of Trelawney have from time to time figured in English history. There was Sir John Trelawney, Bishop of Bristol, one of the seven famous prelates whom the infatuated James sent to the Tower for not reading his declaration of indulgence, and who, as Macaulay remarks, unlearned in his imprisonment all those notions of passive obedience which he formerly taught. There was his brother, a Commander in the British Army, who offered his sword to the Prince of Orange in the Netherlands, and who did his part bravely in the Revolution, and materially assisted in putting the crown on the head of that prince as William the Third ; and we have now Sir Harry Trelawney, who, in due course, came to the title and estates, and whose versatility on religious subjects made him almost a proverb, whilst it excited wonder in the minds of our serious forefathers, whilst it exposed religion itself to contempt in the view of the thoughtless and of the scorner. It may not be unprofitable to enter on a brief review of the career of this gentleman. For the knowledge of it, aided by the recollection of a few traditionary stories, we are mainly indebted to Mr. Murch—who, in his valuable and interesting history of the Western Churches, has given a pleasing memoir of one who, in his day, "Shone eccentric as the comet's blaze."

Sir Harry Trelawney, who was born during the first half of the eighteenth century, and towards the close graduated at Oxford, whilst he duly kept his college terms, won the esteem of the authorities by attention to his studies and by strict propriety of demeanour ; he was ever sober-minded with speech, not to be condemned, and associated only with the more grave and devout of the students. He became intimate with the two celebrated brothers, Richard and Rowland Hill, and fired with some of their zeal, preached as they did, in streets and fields, and on the highways. It was at the time when Methodism had begun to attract notice, and too often public opposition of the

rudest and most savage kind, we find that at Saltash, in his native county, "when Sir Harry was in the market-place haranguing a numerous auditory, some gentlemen of the neighbourhood interrupted their devotion by riding in among them with a pack of hounds, which made such hideous cries, and caused such a commotion among the people, that the preacher could not be heard, and therefore thought proper to withdraw." All this was avowedly done by Sir Harry's friends, that he should not expose himself; strange method of proving attachment to him and respect for his family. With quiet humour, Mr. Murch adds, "Sir Harry's pursuits were probably quite as harmless as those of his fox-hunting disturbers."

But increase of years brought on greater maturity and reflection, and Sir Harry, having studied the controversy between the Church and Dissenters, became a decided, and it hardly needs be added, a zealous Nonconformist. He took his name from off the rolls of his college and was ordained a Congregational minister at Southampton, giving in a Calvinistic confession of faith; but, marrying a lady in his own rank of life, and setting up a corresponding establishment, he lived much at his ancestral home, maintained a domestic chaplain, and became a local magnate, possessed of no small share of territorial influence. Still religion occupied the principal part of his thoughts, and he was anxious to spread its influence through society. He built a chapel near his seat, wherein he was accustomed to officiate. His fame was great as a preacher, to which his fine figure, magnificent voice, graceful attitude, and no doubt the fact of his being a baronet, largely contributed. His liberal spirit of investigation led him still onward in his doctrinal views till he became almost, if not quite, a strict Unitarian. He introduced an Ordination Service in a small Devonshire town, at which Kippis delivered the charge and Priestley preached to the congregation; and about the same time, 1778, he was invited to preach before the Exeter Assembly of Ministers, then a very liberal body. We remember seeing this sermon in print

many years since. Mr. Murch's opinion of it is entirely correct as "not distinguished by depth of judgment or close reasoning, but written with classical eloquence and precision, breathing a Christian spirit of candour and benevolence."

But now came entreaties, expostulations, remonstrances from his numerous friends of the dominant Church, who were indignant that the representative of one of their oldest families should forsake the "religion of a gentleman" for despicable dissent. He was assailed by every species of argument and persuasion, appeals were made to his reason, his passions and feelings, and to his family pride. What Trelawney had ever been a Nonconformist? where was his regard for an ancient and honourable name? At heart he yet admired the pomp and circumstances of the English ritual, but the Articles and Creeds stood in his way. He was seriously told, "If you subscribe, the whole meaning of your subscription will be that you are a Christian." He did subscribe with his "own construction," not accepting "the literal sense." We do not know that he received preferment after taking holy orders, but he continued from this time, and for a long subsequent period, to attend her services. He then went a step farther, the last he could well take, and retain the name of Christian—he rested on Catholicism. Whether this took place in consequence of making Italy his final abode, or that he went to Italy on becoming a Roman Catholic, is not now known, but he closed a very long life on the beautiful shores of the Lago Maggiore. Thus ended his wanderings in search of a religion, and if he has reached that bourne where there are no more tossings to and fro on matters of faithful speculation, we should be unjust not to add that his life was always in the right, and that his moral character was unimpeachable and high during the whole of his earthly existence.—*Murch's Western Churches.*

BETTER trust all and be deceived,

And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,

Had blessed one's life with true believing.
—F. Kemble.

GUSTAVUS III. AND THE POOR GIRL.

ONE evening little Anna clambered up on her father's knee, which she was very fond of doing when the work of the day was over. At once she asked for a story. "What kind of a story, darling!" asked her father. "A Bible story, or anything you please; your stories are all good." "Well, then listen:

"There was a good king of Sweden, called Gustavus the Third, whose death occurred in 1792, after a reign of twenty-one years. One morning he was riding through a village near Stockholm, his capital city. Seeing a young girl at a fountain getting water, he asked her for the favour of a drink. Without knowing who was addressing her, she stepped forward, and lifted her pitcher to his lips. The ready kindness of the girl, her artless manner, and her appearance of being poor, drew the king's heart towards her. He told her if she would come to live in the city, he would place her in a more agreeable and comfortable position in life.

"Ah! good sir," answered the girl, 'I am not anxious to forsake the position in which Providence has placed me; and even if I were, I would not leave my home to accept of your offer.'

"And why not?" rejoined the king, with some surprise.

"Because," said the girl, with some signs of real modesty, 'my mother is poor and sickly, and I am the only one she has to take care of her and comfort her; and nothing that could be offered would lead me to leave her.'

"Your mother?" returned the monarch, 'and where is she?'

"In this little cabin," was the reply, the girl at the same time pointing to a very humble dwelling close at hand.

"Gustavus descended his horse, and went with the girl into the cabin to see her mother. There he found her lying upon a bed of straw, the aged, suffering mother, who was sinking under infirmities. His kind heart was moved, and he said to the woman, 'I feel very sorry, mother, to find you so destitute and afflicted.'

"Yes, dear sir, I am poor and sick," she replied in a feeble tone, 'and should be distressed, indeed, but for the affectionate attention of my dear daughter, who labours and strives to support and comfort me and omits no effort for my relief. May God remember it to her for her good,' she added, as her hand wiped away the tears, which now rolled down over her cheeks.

"The good king was very deeply affected, and never, perhaps, was he more thankful than at that moment, that he was able to help a fellow-creature. Then handing the daughter a purse of gold, and directing the poor family to a better house, he said to the girl, 'Still my dear young friend, go on taking the same care of your mother, and you shall not fail to have my help. Trust my word. I am your king. Good-bye.'

"On reaching his home, Gustavus made provision to have a sum of money regularly paid to the woman as long as she might live; and when her death occurred he remembered the daughter with a very rich endowment.

"How strikingly did God in this case reward, even in this life, the honour and love shown by this dear girl towards her mother!"

A POEM.

READ a poem, 'tis a pleasant
And a soul-refreshing deed;
Read a poem, 'tis improving,
But consider while you read.
Prize the words for they are jewels
From the spirit's choicest mine,
Let their import and their teaching
With their own ideas combine.

Write a poem, if the power
To accomplish it be given,
Write it with a noble purpose,
Making earth the nearer heaven;
Let not love's delirious passion
Be entwoven in thy theme,
Make the cause of human progress
The incentive of thy dream.

Live a poem, for 'tis better
Than to read or write a lay;
Live a poem, men shall read thee,
In thy actions day by day;
If with deeds by virtue prompted
Thou dost make thy life sublime,
Thou wilt prove a noble poem,
Lasting to the end of time.

TEN QUESTIONS.

1. Have we not all one Father?
Hath not one God created us? Mal.
2: 10.

2. If God is the Father of all men,
will He do less for His children than
earthly parents would do for theirs?

3. Will He cast off any of His
children forever? Isa. 49: 15; Lam.
3: 31.

4. As we are required to love our
enemies, may we not safely infer that
God loves His enemies? Matt. 5: 43
—48.

5. If God loves His enemies, will
He punish them more than will be for
their good? Heb. 12: 10.

6. Would endless punishment be
best for their good?

7. If man does wrong in returning
evil for evil, would not God do wrong
if He were to do the same thing?

8. Would not endless punishment
be the return of evil for evil?

9. As we are commanded to "over-
come evil with good," may we not
safely infer that God will do the same?
Cor. 15: 28.

10. Would the infliction of endless
punishment be overcoming evil with
good?

INFLUENCE OF FOOD ON THE
MIND.

Good food, a variety and enough to
satisfy the demands of the stomach for
the time, exercises a prodigious in-
fluence on mental operations. A hungry
man has no wide range of thought;
neither has a glutton. Those are ex-
tremes which endanger the physical
well-being of the body. Just enough
to relish contributes immensely toward
that condition of mind essential for the
exercise of reason and judgment. When
food is imperfectly digested, or not at
all, the vital processes are diminished
in force, which is shown in direct debi-
lity and an enfeebled state of the brain.

Great brain workers are generally
great eaters. The blood requires fre-
quent meals from which to elaborate
something essential to its full contribu-
tion of those elements that sustain the
most wonderful organ ever brought
under the eye of a naturalist in the con-
duction of its mysterious functions.

Stranger still, the brain quickly uses up
the quickened influences conveyed to it
in the blood; and if more is not soon
supplied, the deficiency is indicated by
nervous disturbances and abnormal de-
rangements which food alone can re-
establish.

A regular, systematically served diet,
of a mixed character, embracing both
animal and vegetable materials, propor-
tioned agreeably to the taste of an
individual, secures the highest condition
of mind for carrying on those studies
in literature, science, or art characteris-
tic of the best types of civilised man.
Neither savages, barbarians, mendicants
in search of a dinner, nor gourmands
write books or contribute to the moral
progress of mankind.

A DREAM.

I DREAMT an angel stood beside my bed
And called me, then in silence vanished,
And left me struggling, labouring for
breath:
Full well I knew that angel's name was
Death.

Up rose before my soul the buried years,
With all their faded hopes, their joys and
tears,
The days, long since forgotten, seemed to
rise,
And, living, pass before my dying eyes.

But strangely dimmed the joys and dulled
the pain,
As if no other mem'ry could remain,
Untouched by Time's rough finger, save
my own
Sins and shortcomings! They were writ
on stone!

And though with trembling eagerness I
sought
For sweet and holy deeds, I could find
nought
But few and scattered trifles. There were
none
To still the thought, "How little I had
done!"

So little, and it might have been so much!
Not wanting chances, there were many
such;
I'd gladly have the sorrow and the pain,
If I could only live my life again.

In deep remorse my spirit rose on high,
I cried aloud with a despairing cry,
And woke—upon my cheeks the tears were
wet—

I woke, and found that I was living yet!
M. R.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

HATS OFF.—Shocked and astonished verger: "You bad and wicked boy, why don't you take off your hat in church?" Bad and wicked boy (overcome with guilt): "If you please, sir, I'm a little girl."

HAPPY AND WHY.—A little girl was asked what was the meaning of the word happy. She gave a pretty answer, saying: "It is to feel as if you wanted to give up all your things to your little sister."

MARCH OF INTELLECT.—A beggar some time ago applied for alms at the door of a partisan of the Anti-begging Society in Edinburgh. After in vain detailing his manifold sorrows, the inexorable gentleman peremptorily dismissed him. "Go away," said he, "go, we canna gie ye naething." "You might, at least," replied the mendicant, with an air of great dignity and archness, "have refused me grammatically."

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—At a public examination of the scholars attending the Grimesthorpe Board Schools, Sheffield, the other day, the girls were allowed to ask each other questions in domestic economy. Amongst the questions thus asked were "The proper way of washing clothes?" "How to attend to the sick?" "How to light a fire properly?" "How to make a mustard plaster?" "How to sweep a bedroom."

A BISHOP'S PRAYER.—It is related that the Bishop of Sierra Leone was once on board a ship on the coast in a severe storm, when he anxiously asked the captain if he thought there was any danger. "Any danger, my lord!" interrogated the captain, and, pointing to the coast to which the ship was drifting, he announced, "If the gale continues, we shall be in heaven in half an hour!" "Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the bishop.

A BUDDHIST NUN.—A Buddhist nun in Nanking, aged half a century, pleaded in public and private for money to build a temple to her favourite goddess, Kwan-yin Buddha. It was all in vain. Finally she caused her lips to be closed by a lock which passed through them, and then a circular inclosure of bricks with one small window was built around her. There she stood for several days, resolved to die unless the people gave her the money for the temple. A vast throng, touched by her devotion and piety, contributed the funds, and she was released from self-imposed imprisonment and silence. It is a valuable suggestion for ladies who find it wearying to coax pin-money out of their husbands' pockets.

CUSTOMER.—What did you think of the Bishop's sermon on Sunday, Mr. Wigsby?" Hairdresser: "Well, really, sir, there was a gent sittin' in front of me as 'ad his 'air parted that crooked that I couldn't 'ear a word."—*Punch.*

MODEST.—A preacher in one of the fashionable London churches is reported to have said, "St. Paul remarks —, and I *partially* agree with him." This reminds one of the judge who, in sentencing a man to death, observed, "Prisoner at the bar, you will soon have to appear before another, and *perhaps* a better, judge."

THE DEVIL IS DEAD.—A Shields pilot going along the Ropery Banks one Sunday morning to the Primitive meeting in Union-street, became possessed of an important piece of news, viz., that the devil was dead. He hurried to the chapel, and spread the glad tidings among the assembled brethren. After service, the whole body marched to see the place where the devil had died, and true enough there was a card in the window of a house bearing the important announcement, "Satin dyed here!"

A CLEVER TEXT.—John Adams, who was a plain, poor man, afterwards President of the United States, went to court Abigail Smith, daughter of the Rev. William Smith, of Weymouth, Mass. At the time of their courtship John Adams did not appear to be satisfactory to her parents. The story goes that they neglected him when he visited Abigail, and denied him the hospitality of the house. Her eldest sister was married to a Boston merchant, and her father preached for her a "marriage sermon." Finally they consented to Abigail's marriage to John Adams. After the marriage Mr. Smith said to her, "Well, Abigail, I suppose I must preach a marriage sermon for you; but you must choose the text." Her quick-witted reply was, "Very well, I choose this text: 'John came, neither eating nor drinking, and ye say he hath a devil.'"

The following are the terms for supplying the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN and RECORD OF UNITARIAN WORTHIES, post free:—

	s.	d.
1 copy, per year	2	0
2 copies "	3	6
3 " "	5	6
5 " "	6	0

Twelve copies and upward at 1d. per copy, post free.

Communications to be addressed to the Rev. R. SPEARS, 19, Mornington-road, Bow-road, London, E.

Printed by GEORGE REVEIRS, (successor to SAMUEL TAYLOR), Graystoke-place, Fetter-lane, London, and the trade supplied by EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand, London.